

Our Own.

If I had known in the morning
How wearily all the day
The world would be
Would trouble my mind,
I said when you went away,
I had been more careful, darling,
Nor given you needless pain;
But we've our own
With look and tone
We may never take back again.
For though in a quiet evening
You may give us the kiss of peace,
Yet it might be
That never for me
The pain of the heart should cease.
How many go forth in the morning
That never come back at night!
And hearts have broken
For sorrow words spoken
That harsh can we'er set right.
We have careful thoughts for the stranger,
And smiles for the sometime guest;
But off for our own
The bitter tone,
Though we love our own the best.
Ah! lips with curse impatience!
Ah! lips with that look of scorn!
There's a cruel fate,
Were the night too late
To undo the work of the morn.

AFTER MANY YEARS.

The Cause of the Mountain Meadow Massacre—A Terrible Revenge.

The story of the Mountain Meadow massacre is now more fully understood than ever before. In the spring of 1856 Elder Perley P. Pratt, of the Mormon community, seduced from her home the wife of Mr. H. H. McLean, a merchant of San Francisco, to make her his seventh wife. On her flight the deserted husband sent his two children, a very interesting boy and girl, to his father-in-law in New Orleans. Some time afterward the mother left Salt Lake, got the children and started back to Utah with them. On discovering this the doubly injured father started in pursuit. He came to New York, heard of Pratt there and tracked him from this point to St. Louis. There he lost him. Then he left for New Orleans, where he heard that his wife and children were then going through Texas to Salt Lake, so off he started to Texas. In his search for the missing ones he had learned that his wife had assumed the name of Mrs. P. P. Parker, and while traveling through Texas he contrived to intercept some letters which he found bearing this superscription. On breaking open the seal he saw they were written in cipher. He succeeded in finding the key to the cipher, however, and discovered that the letters were from Pratt and contained a request that the carrier with which Mrs. McLean and her children were traveling should go to the neighborhood of Fort Gibson in the Cherokee nation. Confused and dispirited, Mr. McLean returned to New Orleans, whence he started for Fort Gibson, assuming the name of Johnson. He made known his secret to the officers of the fort only. Here his vigilant and energetic pursuit of the fugitives was soon rewarded. He captured not only his wife and children, but the scoundrel who in the name of religion had enticed them from their home. The United States marshal took them before Commissioner John B. Ogden for trial. The case awoke intense excitement at the time, and the populace clamored for vengeance on the wretch who had deliberately plotted and planned the ruin of a prosperous and happy family.

The cipher letters were produced in court, and Mr. McLean told such a pathetic story of his wrongs that Pratt only escaped lynching by being concealed in the jail. Even the complainant himself became so enraged at one time during the trial that in the very court to which he had come for justice he clutched his pistol to shoot Pratt then and there. And no wonder, for he was told the law was powerless to punish Pratt. Early next morning the Mormon elder was dismissed and left the place secretly, but McLean watched and pursued him, overtook him on his road and killed him in his tracks. With his children McLean returned to New Orleans, and the wife having meanwhile become a raving maniac was sent to an insane asylum. It was this event combined with the apprehending appointment of new territorial officers by the government, that led to the horrible massacre of immigrants at Mountain Meadow soon afterwards. The party numbered 140 people, men, women and children, who had left Arkansas to travel overland to California, the new gold field. The party, unsuspecting of harm, was traveling through Utah. An attack was made upon them by what they supposed were Indians. They resisted the attack, and kept the attacking party at bay with their rifles. For five days the assault was kept up and the defense sustained without any definite result being arrived at. All this time the appearances indicated that the attacking party were savages. They were dressed and painted like Indians and imitated their ways so well as to completely deceive the immigrants. It is now known that while there may have been a few Indians among them the assaulting party were Mormon militia led by John D. Lee. When reinforcements joined Lee, he massed all the troops near a little spring, and made them a speech, telling them "his orders from headquarters were to kill all but the little children."

Then, at the head of his command, he approached the immigrant camp, most of the mock Indians having meanwhile discarded their paint and feathers. As he advanced he sent out a flag of truce, to the great joy of the immigrants, who dressed a pretty young girl of their party all in white, and placed her outside of their defenses, to show that they, too, were disposed to be friendly. Then followed a parley, and Lee told the immigrants the hills were alive with Indians. He advised them to leave their arms as a measure of safety, as the Indians wanted plunder and not blood, and his men would protect them back to the Mormon settlements. The immigrants at first objected, but finally consented, and marched out of their fortifications from their least apprehension of danger from their professing friends. Not an Indian was in sight at this time. By Lee's order the men were separated from the women and children, the latter going to the front.

Half a mile the devoted band had scarcely gone from their camp when, at the monster Lee's command, they were shot dead, every one except the seventeen little children of the party, whose lives the "council" had ordered should be spared. One hundred and twenty men, women and children were slain in cold blood. Before the women of the party had all been killed, one young girl reported to have rushed from the crowd toward Lee. She first threw herself on her knees before him and begged him to let her live. She then rose up and, twining her arms about his neck, cried to him to spare her; that she was going to California to join her lover, who anxiously awaited her there, and to whom she was to be married on her arrival. He repaid her confidence by dragging her aside with vile intent, and because she resisted him and tried to defend herself with a knife she chanced to have in her possession he shot her through the head.

For years after the perpetration of this daring crime the property of the murdered immigrants was openly used by their murderers, and the fate of the missing ones for some time remained a mystery. Their death being laid at the door of the savages. Some Indians did participate in the massacre, but they waited for the white savages to set them an example in human butchery, only rushing from their ambush to surround the immigrants when, by Lee's order, the first shots were fired. After the massacre the bodies of the murdered immigrants were left on the open prairie to be devoured by the wolves. So closely was the secret of this terrible deed guarded that not even in the northern Mormon settlements was it known for a long time that any white men had participated in the slaughter. The first authentic tidings of the fate of the immigrants reached the outside world through Mr. William H. Rogers, a government agent, who heard something of it while crossing the plains in charge of a treasure train in 1857. The next year he was appointed Indian agent in Utah and was ordered to rescue the children whom it was believed the Mormons had saved from the savages.

With the impudence of brigands the "Letter Day Saints" demanded a ransom for their release. Mr. Rogers refused the demand and gathered the children together. To his amazement one of the children, then about eight years old, told him one day that it was not Indians, but white men, that killed their parents. With a company of cavalry he went to the Mountain Meadows, where a horrible sight met his gaze. The skeletons of 120 men, women and children were spread upon the field, the flesh torn from the bones by hungry wolves and bullet holes through the heads of most of the victims. A large quantity of hair from the heads of the women were gathered up from the sage bushes, and all the remains were given a Christian burial. A few days afterward two Mormons called on Mr. Rogers, and telling him "their hearts were pressed with grief," said they would give him a true history of the Mountain Meadow massacre if he would spare their own lives. He told them to proceed, and they related to him the story told above, naming Lee as the leader. Some blooded stock, wagons, carriages and other property owned by the immigrants, they said, had been taken to the Mormon tithing establishment and sold at public auction for the benefit of the "Church." Brigham Young, it is said, kept one of the carriages and a piano for his own use.

In the Mormon versions of the story of the massacre it was made to appear that the immigrants provoked both the Mormon settlers and the Indians in their progress through Utah. The Mormons said their destruction was chargeable to the Indians altogether, and that they were attacked because they had poisoned a spring at which cattle drank and died, and that Indians ate the flesh of these animals and died also. But this has been pronounced absolutely untrue by those who have investigated the matter, and it was well established both before and at the time of Lee's trial that the murder of the immigrants was ordered by the execution of a well laid plan, ordered by the Mormon council, and that Lee not only executed but exceeded his sanguinary orders, and with his own hand he killed and wounded women and children lying helpless after the first volley. He shot a man down who held a child in his arms and who knew and recognized him through his disguise.

In November, 1874, Lee was arrested, and was soon after indicted for participation in this fearful crime. He had evaded pursuit for a long time, living with one of his eighteen wives, an English woman, among the Navajo Indians, where his hut was like an arsenal. His first trial continued through parts of July and August, 1875, and terminated by the addition of his trial his cell was searched, and elaborate preparations for an intended escape were discovered. At this time one of his wives tried to see him, and, meeting with a refusal, she assaulted the jailor. In September, 1876, he was again tried, and the jury found him guilty of murder in the first degree. Having in that Territory the right to choose whether he should be hanged, beheaded or shot, he chose the latter form of execution, and was accordingly sentenced to be shot on the twenty-sixth of January, 1877.

An Honest Rebuke.

A group of elegantly dressed young ladies met in one of the streets of New York, and stopped to talk together. Near them a rough looking man was on his knees repairing the pavement, and unnoticed by the young girls, who talked loudly, fast and slangy. At the sound of one of their expressions the man rose to his feet and came toward them. "Don't say those things again," he said, looking squarely at the lady who had last spoken; "you wouldn't if you knew what they meant." Silence fell on the noisy group. The man, realizing what he had done, found a young lady to whom he had spoken took a step toward him and impulsively thrust out a delicately gloved hand. "We all thank you, sir," she said in clear, ringing tones. He grasped his trowel in his left hand, while with his right, soiled with his honest work, he raised his ragged cap with a grace that showed the gentleman in the bricklayer, and silently returned to his place.

What a Comma Did.

The claim of the United States for the return of the \$1,500,000 advanced to help out the Centennial Exposition has been rejected by the United States circuit court at Philadelphia, although there are abundant funds remaining in the hands of the managers with which to satisfy it. Consequently, unless the decision of the court is reversed on appeal, the \$1,500,000 will be distributed among the shareholders in the enterprise. That this would be the result was foreseen by the opponents of the loan at the time it was proposed, and was indignantly denied by its friends.

The clause which was relied on to protect the interests of the nation, and which was used to secure votes for the grant, reads thus: "The appropriation hereinbefore made shall be paid in full into the treasury of the United States before any dividend, or percentage of the profits shall be paid to the holders of said stock."

The advocates of the grant professed to read these words with a comma after the word "dividend" and persuaded the public that no dividend of any kind would be paid to the stockholders until the loan from the United States had been first returned. Now, by their counsel learned in the law, they have successfully contended that there is no such comma, and that only a "dividend or percentage of the profits" was intended. Inasmuch as a dividend of capital is not a dividend of profits, they have got the judge to say that the stockholders may pocket the \$1,500,000 as returned capital, and the United States may lose the whole.

This is not the first time that a comma or the want of it has made trouble with the United States treasury. A clause in the Tariff act of 1875, by the omission of this modest sign of punctuation, admitted free of duty all kinds of foreign fruits, when the intention of Congress was merely to exempt fruits imported from the United States. The trick in that case was universally denounced and speedily frustrated, but in regard to the \$1,500,000 now in question the nation is very possibly without a remedy.—New York Sun.

A Vermont Farm.

The *Rutland Herald* says: The farm of Boutwell Everts contains between seven and eight hundred acres, seventy head of cattle, including twenty cows, three yokes of oxen, averaging four thousand pounds per yoke; fifteen calves, a three-year-old Durham bull, a splendid specimen of that famous breed; a fine Jersey bull, and other young cattle, all of which show care and skill in handling and feeding. There are two hundred sheep on the farm, many of them being superior animals. Of horses and colts there are sixteen; one span, as smooth and active as colts, aged one twenty-five and one twenty-six, showing that generous feeding and careful usage are strong incentives to longevity. Several spans of young horses show good blood. Mr. Everts has his best pair of horses in New York, no doubt competing, as far as he may, with Donner and other horse fanciers in that city. Last, but not least, come the swine, twenty-five in number. Brieke from the old Baptist church, bought by Mr. Everts, furnished materials for the walls of a new and convenient piggery, and the interior was finished with due regard to neatness, ease of feeding, and the comfort of the inmates. One breeding boar, imported from Lancashire, England, is as near a perfect type of the hog as we have ever seen. The products of the farm average two hundred tons of hay yearly. This year two thousand two hundred bushels of corn were raised on twenty acres, with sides several acres of fodder fed to cows in the fall. Oats and roots of various kinds are largely raised.

Suffrage by Machinery.

An ingenious Belgian has contrived an apparatus for the application to general elections of the system of the bell punch and the telegraphic tape combined. There is to be in his scheme at each polling place one machine for every candidate. The voter is to touch the machine inscribed with the name of the man for whom he wishes to vote, and the machine records one on the tape or "blue trip ticket," and rings a bell. Each tape punched with the votes is rolled up on a graduated scale in such a way as to indicate without counting how many votes have been cast for each candidate. In the operation of this machinery all that the returning boards would have to do would be to buldoze the reel on which that tape has to be wound, and thus they would swell the majority of a favorite candidate.

What He Wanted.

"Well, old fellow, what's the news?"
"Nothing, only I am about to be married."
"But why so gloomy about it?"
"Because I want 10,000 francs. The contract is to be signed to-day, and on my side I have to show 20,000 francs. I'm 10,000 francs short. You might lend them to me—only till this evening."
"God forbid! But I'll tell you how to manage it. Of course there is a mantel-piece in the room with a mirror behind it. File your 10,000 francs up there; the glass will repeat them, and at a little distance the illusion will be perfect."
"I have thought of that, but—"
"But what?"
"The 10,000 francs I have got are the 10,000 in the glass."

What He Kicked.

The *Detroit Free Press* reports the following: He was a young man, and he looked like a student—like one of the students in attendance at Harvard college. Moreover, his prompt action, as he saw a loaf of bread on the crosswalk up Woodward avenue, went to show that he was first relieved him of his watch, and then tumbled him over into the snow. As he lay there shouting for help, two other individuals came along and inquired: "What's the matter?" "Why," said the broker, "here I've—hic—been robbed of my—hic—watch." "Didn't they take your money?" asked the strangers. "Don't know," said the broker, feeding in his breast pocket for his wallet. "No, here 'tis—hic—money's all right." "Well, we'll take that, then," said the strangers, as they seized the wallet and disappeared around the first corner.

Life in Wall Street.

The *New York Times*, in an article on the gamblers of Wall street, says: Most of them are from the West, notably from Cincinnati, Louisville, St. Louis, Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul. Discontented with their narrow field at home, they come to the metropolis, where big men, as they imagine themselves to be, find their proper place. They are unquestionably shrewd, energetic and sagacious; but they seldom see Wall street in all its proportions and ramifications. They overrate their own power and foresight. They try and enter into open combat with the street; and while they are one, the street is many, and therefore they must be eventually overcome. * * * One of the peculiarities of the smaller gamblers is that they invariably believe beyond wavering that they are more astute than their fellows. They acknowledge the perils of their pursuit; they admit that they walk amid pitfalls; that counsellers are untrustworthy; that friends cannot be counted on; but they are wily. Other men are constantly falling. Oh, yes; they admit that; but then some men are not like other men. Their faith in themselves is superlative; but bitter experience demonstrates ere long that their faith is sorrowfully misplaced.

Every year or two such ardent gamblers come to grief, and are succeeded by others equally ardent, equally sanguine, equally fated to win. Have you not met Smith, of Cincinnati, in Broad street, and inquired after Simpson, of the same city? "Poor Simpson," is his response; "they've cleaned him out. That last operation in St. Paul broke him flat. He's gone home to die in peace." "Where's Parker, of Louisville?" you may ask. "I haven't seen him for some time. Parker's gone. He was a little too rash. He went heavily into Michigan sheep, and couldn't carry it, and had to encumber." "Wiggins, of St. Louis, is still following with the bulls, I presume?" "Well, no; he isn't following as much as he was. The fact is, he bought a big lot of Jersey Central at over par, and when it went down with a run Wiggins had to squat. Indeed, he's completely used up." "Robinson, of Chicago, still keeps on top, doesn't he?" "The last time I met him he told me he was worth at least a million." "Probably he was then; but that's seven or eight months ago. Lake Shore scooped him in. He lost all he had, and several hundred thousand more. He's gone to Colorado, and is trying to do something in silver mining."

You may suggest to Smith, of Cincinnati, that since such a fate has overtaken Simpson, Parker and Wiggins, he may not be quite safe himself. Smith laughs with the insolence of a full blown pride as he says: "Never fear for me. I've had my eye teeth cut; I know the street thoroughly; Wall street doesn't get up in the morning any earlier than I do. You can bet on me." Some months later, you encounter Brown, a near friend of Smith, and you ask affectionately after the Cincinnati. "Smith, poor devil, he's in Washington looking for a \$1,500 clerkship."

So it goes with the confident gamblers in one continuous round of disaster. They exceed the Bourbons; they learn nothing and forget everything.

An Irish Arcadia.

John G. Richardson, the great manufacturer of lines, seems to have successfully solved the problem of giving employment to a community of 4,000 persons, whilst at the same time greatly benefiting them by surrounding them with every incentive to temperance and moral restraint.

Mr. Richardson is the owner of 6,000 acres of land at Besbrook, Ireland, on which are quarries of blue granite and farms that are successfully worked, and in the midst of which is the village of Besbrook, with the great mill, offices and warehouses of the Besbrook Spinning Company.

The village is laid out with streets that are lined with little cottages for workmen, with larger houses for the mill officials, and there also is a beautiful villa occupied by the owners of the vast estate.

Every cottage has a dooryard decorated with beautiful flowers, and the property includes a public square, and several kinds for the sale of articles required to meet the wants of the village, but the sale of beer and ardent spirits is forbidden; and there is not a police officer, a police judge, or a police station in the village, neither is a pawnshop to be found.

The different denominations, of which there are five (including the Catholics), all live together in harmony, and four churches stand in close proximity upon a hill that looks out upon a beautiful landscape with its green fields and undulating surface as far as the distant Newry mountains.

Lost It All.

A story is told of a well known New Yorker who, on his way home from the club the other evening, managed to occupy the sidewalk for more than two-thirds of the mile. In this predicament he was met by two seedy individuals, who first relieved him of his watch, and then tumbled him over into the snow. As he lay there shouting for help, two other individuals came along and inquired: "What's the matter?" "Why," said the broker, "here I've—hic—been robbed of my—hic—watch." "Didn't they take your money?" asked the strangers. "Don't know," said the broker, feeding in his breast pocket for his wallet. "No, here 'tis—hic—money's all right." "Well, we'll take that, then," said the strangers, as they seized the wallet and disappeared around the first corner.

How She Obtained a Necklace.

A singularly cunning robbery was lately perpetrated at Florence. An Englishman accompanied by a girl of eighteen arrived at a fashionable hotel, hired handsome rooms, paid their bill regularly every week, and lived exceedingly well, but without any foolish expenditure. The man brought with him a writing bureau, which he placed against the door of the room which communicated with the apartment occupied by his daughter, and she had her escritoire against the same door in her room. Soon after their arrival the man visited a leading jeweler's store, and made several purchases, paying for them on the spot, and at length told the jeweler that he was on the lookout for a really splendid parure of diamonds, with which he wished to present his daughter on her marriage. The jeweler said that in this case he luckily had precisely what he wanted, and the man expressed a desire to take it home, and at length decided to take for \$80,000; but he explained that he had not so large a sum by him, and must communicate with his London bankers, and appointed the Tuesday week following as the day when the necklace should be bought and the money paid. On that day the jeweler repaired to the hotel, and he found his customer seated at his writing bureau. He took out a bundle of banknotes, and was proceeding to count them, saying: "My daughter knows nothing about this. I am preparing a surprise for her," when there was a knock at the door, and the young lady came in to say that papa's tailor was waiting to try on some clothes. Papa instantly closed the secretaire to conceal the necklace, and, as he was talking to the jeweler, said he'd go and see the tailor and come back presently. The young lady stayed some time, and gave the jeweler the chance of quite an agreeable flirtation. At length she said she really must go. The jeweler then tried the secretaire, found it locked, and felt quite happy as to the necklace. He waited and waited, until, when three hours had elapsed, he rang the bell and told the waiter to tell the gentleman he could wait no longer. But neither father nor daughter were forthcoming, nor have they since been seen, nor has the necklace. It was found that a nice little hoid had been made through the door, and the splendid ornament having been neatly hooked and landed, the hauler had quietly stolen away. The disappearance of the poor jeweler may be imagined.

Rain in California.

An enthusiastic citizen declared, says a San Francisco paper, that an inch of rain in this State was worth a million dollars. He certainly did not make an overestimate in this instance. The agricultural products of this State were worth last year not less than \$70,000,000. With no more rain than has fallen this year up to the tenth of January only the fruit crop would have matured. Grapes would have done tolerably well, but the cereal crops would have been a failure. Three or four inches of rain, in addition to what has fallen within the last two days, will be sufficient to mature most of these crops. Now that the rain has come, it brings also a promise of more. It has put heart into the whole farming community. They will shape all their operations for a dry season—one with just enough moisture to bring forward the crops where the tillage is good.

After the middle of January, and in a dry season, we cannot expect more than four or five inches of rain at the most. If this is well distributed we shall get fair crops over a considerable area. Except on irrigated lands wheat and other cereals will be a failure in the San Joaquin valley. Irrigating canals will be pushed by private enterprise, and those who can turn water on their lands this year will probably find their account in high prices for pasture, hay and grain.

There is a little prospect that more than twelve inches of rain will fall in any of the coast counties or in most of the interior valleys. It is reasonably certain that it will be relatively a dry season. The present rains will revive the pastures, which by frost and drought had been nearly ruined. The grain crops will be brought forward. In many instances grain sown late had not even sprouted; in others it had germinated and died. Some fields will have to be sown again. But in most cases the rain will bring out enough dormant seed to make a good start.

It is quite within bounds to say that every inch of rain which falls after this date will be worth a million of dollars to the State; and every foot of snow on the mountains will be worth nearly as much more to the miners.

An Extraordinary Story.

The *New York Herald* publishes an extraordinary story, of which the following is a very brief synopsis: Elizabeth Mary Sanxay was born in Mulberry street in 1827, and was married in 1841 to her cousin Louis Gordon Keith, a naval captain in the United States service. On the death of her husband she remained in Baltimore under the care of her cousin Archbishop Eggleston, who placed her in supervision of St. Vincent's Asylum for Orphans on First street in that city. The institution was formerly in charge of the Black Cap Sisters, who refused to retire until threatened with legal process. A year later Mrs. Keith and her infant daughter were kidnapped, and conducted by one Lovagrow to the Mount Hope lunatic asylum, where the mother was forcibly detained for seven years, being mourned as dead by her relatives. She finally regained her liberty through the interference of Archbishop Hendricks, and returned to her father in New York. In search of health she went to Williamsburgh, Va., where she was again kidnapped, and confined in a lunatic asylum for eighteen years. She was finally liberated by a military commission, appointed by Major-General Hancock, by which she was pronounced sane. Even then she was detained on various pretexts for some months, but was finally restored to her mother by R. Selby Staray, who had been informed of her existence. The lady who is said to have undergone this terrible experience is now living in East Twenty-eight street, in New York city.

The Old Man Who Smiled.

The *Detroit Free Press* tells this story: One time there was a good old man living in Detroit. His back was bent, his steps were slow, and men who gazed upon his snowy locks and wrinkled face whispered to each other: "He is a good person who has not long to live."

The old man had been well off in his day, but when he found himself on the shady side of life, wife dead and home broken up, he said his only son: "Here, William, take all I have, and let your home be my home until I die."

The son took the papers—you bet he did! and the father was given a cozy corner, a big chair, and a corn-cob pipe. All went well for a year or so, and then the son and the son's wife began to make it uncomfortable for the nice old man in the corner. They threw out hints, deprived him of his comforts, and one cold better go to Halifax—Nova Scotia.

The old man's heart was sore as he went out into the world to battle against hunger and cold, and when night came he cowered in a doorway, and wept like a child.

"Who is making that chin music up there?" called a reporter, whose steps had been arrested by the sobs, and he went up the steps, and patted the old man on the head, and bye-and-bye the story was told.

"Come down to the station with me," said the reporter, taking the old man's arm. "Your son is first cousin to the man who preferred buzzard to lamb, and I'll help you fix him!"

The next morning one of the daily papers contained an item to the effect that an old gentleman named Goodheart had been found wandering the streets at night, and that when taken to the station \$10,000 worth of United States bonds were found on him. The old man read it over three times, slapped his leg as he saw the point, and a beautiful smile covered his face and climbed up through his hair. In about an hour his son William rushed into the station and called out: "Father, dear father, come home! All of us were crying all night long, and my wife is now lying in a comatose state on your account!"

The old man went home with him, winking at the lampposts and smiling as he turned the corners. He had all his comforts back, and the son bought him a costly pipe and a pair of box-toed boots that very day.

All at once went on the son ventured to suggest that the bonds had better be turned over to him, and every time he would say "bonds" the old man would smile and turn the subject. The other day the father went to bed to die, and he smiled often than before as he lay waiting for the summons. The son said his heart was breaking, and then went through the old man's clothes to find the bonds. He didn't find any. He searched the barn and the garret and the cellar, and finally when he saw that death was very near he leaned over the bed and whispered: "Father, do you know me?"

"Oh, yes; I know you like a book," replied the dying man.

"And, father, don't you see this thing is almost killing me?"

"Yes, William, I see it."

"And, father—those—those—bonds, you know, I suppose you want them used to purchase you a monument?"

"Correct, William," whispered the father, winking a glustly wink, and as that same old smile covered his face death came to take him to a better home. When evening fell the son and the son's wife were wildly searching the straw bed, to get their hands on those bonds.

Women in the Treasury.

The detection of another thief in the cash-room of the United States treasury affords a Washington correspondent the opportunity of calling attention to the superiority of women over men in resisting temptation.

Since the first greenback was printed the counting and putting up of packages of money have devolved entirely upon girls and matrons. There are few in office now who have been there from the beginning, and billions of dollars have passed through their hands without the fraction of a dollar sticking. Have they been rewarded? No! Numbers of men like Winslow, the last thief caught, have been appointed by political influence; and these experienced, tried and trusted women, who cannot be well dispensed with, are only never promoted, but are treated as though they should be thankful that they are permitted to serve the government for \$75 a month. Sometimes a package that has been counted by a woman has been found short in the account, and no matter how innocent the counter may be, the amount missing is taken from her month's salary. In almost every instance of this kind eventually the thief has been found to be a male messenger, or some man who received the package from the lady, and abstracted one or two notes.

A Sensible Present.

Last year a wagon and carriage manufacturing company of South Bend, Ind., presented each of their army of workmen (about nine hundred in all) with a twelve-month subscription to a weekly newspaper, the employees signifying whichever paper they desired to take. The aggregate expense of this token of good will to their workmen by the company was a large sum of money, but they propose to incur it again, and as a preliminary step, have taken a vote of the force to see how many would prefer a turkey instead of the newspaper. Only three of the entire number expressed a choice for the turkey.

The course of a manufacturing company that will have a care for the intellectual well-being of its men, independent of their attitude each to the other, as employer and employed, in a pecuniary point of view, cannot be too strongly commended. The so-called natural antagonism between capital and labor will have hard work to assert itself when capital thus takes labor by the hand and says: "Come up higher." The example of the company in this matter is a sample of imitation by manufacturers throughout the country, and the press would do well to give them a gentle hint to that effect by bringing the one under consideration to their notice.

Uncle Remus' Revival Hymn.

Oh! whar shall we go w'en de great day comes
Wid de blouin' uv de trumpits an' de bagin'
uv de drums?
How many po' sinners 'll be cocted out late,
An' fine no latch to de goldin' gate?
No use fer ter wait 'till to-morrow—
De sun mus'n't set on yo' sorrow.
Sin's ez sharp ez a bamboo briar—
Oh, Lord! fetch de mo'ners up higher!
We'd de nashuns uv de earth fer a stannin' all
aroun',
Who's a gwine ter be choosin' fer ter war de
glory crown?
Who's a gwine fer ter stan' still—kinned an' bol'
An' answer to dere name at de callin' uv de
roll?
You better come now ef you comin'—
Old satan is loose an' a bummin'—
De wheels uv distresshuns is a hummin'—
Oh, come along, sinner, ef you comin'.
De song uv salvation is a mighty sweet song,
An' de paradis' sin's blow fer an' blow strong
An' Aherham's buzzin' is saf an' it's wide,
An' dat's de place whar de sinners oughter
hide!
No use ter stoppin' an' a lookin'.
Ef you fool wid satan you'll git took in,
You'll hang on de edge uv de goldin' gate,
Ef you keep on a stoppin' an' a lookin'.
De time is right now an' dis here's de place—
Let de salvashun sun shine squar' in yo' face.
Fight de battles uv de Lord, fight sun' an'
fight late,
An' yo'll allers fine a latch on de goldin' gate.
No use fer ter wait 'till to-morrow—
De sun mus'n't set on yo' sorrow.
Sin's ez sharp ez a bamboo briar—
Ax de Lord fer ter fetch you up higher.
—Atlanta Constitution.

Items of Interest.

According to the report of United States Secretary Chandler, 6,234,336 acres were disposed of during the last fiscal year, for which the cash receipts were \$1,717,215.85. During the year 21,808,517.25 acres were surveyed, leaving yet to be surveyed 1,132,665,214.53 acres.

Chlorate of potassium and iodide of Potassium are separately harmless medicinal doses, but the *Journal of Pharmacy* warns physicians not to administer them together, because in the stomach they combine to make iodate of potassium, a poison. Mixed in any other way they do not thus act.

A Canadian woman has just taken revenge in a novel way of a female boarder. She didn't abuse her, denounce her, scratch her, or anything of that kind—oh! no; she quietly took a scissors, went to the closet and cut up the hated one's best silk dress into strips of a size for making rag carpet.

While he was sitting on the woodbox and chewing the bitter end of reflection, a man with a brass watch chain and a three dollar set of glass diamonds entered the car, and six of the women lifted their eschels down and moved close up to the side of the car. Such things are not right, but they always will be done.

A gardener near Santa Cruz, Cal., has a strawberry patch of half an acre, from which he says he can on any day or month of the year gather at least twenty quarts of ripe berries. He has picked 2,000 during the past year, and blossoms, green and flaming red ripe berries are to be seen on the vines the whole year through.

"Men are like hymns," remarks an exchange newspaper. "There are short metre men, sharp, blunt and hasty; there are long metre men, slow, weighty and dignified; there are hallelujah metre men, mercurial, fervent and inspiring; and there are eight-and-sevens men, gentle, genial and delightful. There are also some 'peculiar metres.'"

The killing of a German sailor by some Frenchmen at Smyrna seems about to exercise in France and Germany the same influence that was exercised by the row in an inn of Calais, in the fourteenth century. Some British and French sailors fought there, and soon after began the hundred years' war between France and England.

The annual report of the inebriate asylum at Binghamton, N. Y., states that from May 1, 1867, to December 31, 1876, 2,065 patients were treated. More than one-half of these were permanently cured. The receipts during the year, inclusive of cash on hand, amounting to about \$7,000, were \$43,714.55; the expenditures, \$38,319.03; cash on hand, \$5,395.22.

A portly magistrate of Glasgow having, one fine Sunday in summer, found his way to church, was overcome by the heat of the weather, and fell fast asleep during the sermon. In the middle of the discourse a dog which had got into the church set up a howl. "Put out that dog instantly," he'd wauken a Glasgow magistrate.

A correspondent of the *English Mechanic*, in answer to a question as to the best means of keeping the feet dry in winter, says: "A simple plan would be, on having a pair of shoes made, to order the maker to put between the soles a piece of gutta-percha as thick as a sixpence. No wet or damp will ever get through. I have adopted this plan for some years. Formerly I had both wet and cold feet continually, which even worsted stockings failed to keep warm; now I wear cotton all the winter and never have cold feet."

The Bridal Party.

When the bridal party arrive at the church, they are met in the vestibule by the ushers. The procession then begins with the ushers walking together, arm in arm; then the bridesmaids in pairs; then the bride's mother, escorted by the groom; and last the bride comes with her father. There is no impropriety in having the little girl walk in just in front of the mother. Upon reaching the altar, the bridesmaids pass to one side, and the ushers stand opposite them, leaving a space between for the bride and groom. The parents stand just behind the bride. When the ceremony is over, the newly married pair go immediately to the groom, without being congratulated, who are followed by the bridesmaids, who are now escorted by the ushers, and lastly come the parents.